

*The Chronicle History*

Come, come along,  
Lets dye with honor, our shame doth last too long.

*Exit omnes*

*Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the boy.*

*Pist.* Eyld cur, eyld cur.

*French.* O Monsieur, ie vou en pree aues petie de moy.

*Pist.* Moy shall not serue, I will haue forty moys.

Boy, aske his name.

*Boy.* Comant ettes v ous apelles ?

*Fren.* Monsieur Fer.

*Boy.* He sayes his name is master Fer.

*Pist.* Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,

Boy discusse the same in French.

*Boy.* Sir I do not know whats French for Fer, ferite, and  
ferke.

*Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

*Boy.* Feate, you preat, ill voulles couple votre gorge.

*Pist.* Onye ma foy couple la gorge,

Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious ransome, dye.

One point of a fox.

*Fren.* Qui dit ill monsieur,

Ill ditye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.

*Boy.* La gran ransome, ill voutueres.

*Fren.* O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle

A cce, gran Captaine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey ice donerees pour mon ransome

Cinquante ocios. Ie suyes vngentelhome de France.

*Pist.* What sayes he boy ?

*Boy.* Marry sir he sayes he is a gentleman of a great

House of France, and for his ransome,

He will giue you 500. Crownes.

*Pist.* My fury shall abate,

And I the Crownes will take,

And as I sucke blood, I will some mercie shew.

*Follow*

*of Henry the first.*

Follow me cur.

*Exit omnes*

*Enter the King, his Nobles, and Pistoll.*

*King.* What the French retire ?

Yet als not done, the French keeps still the field.

*Ex.* The Duke of Yorke commends him to your Grace.

*Kin.* Liues he good vnkle, twice I saw him downe,

Twice vp againe :

From helmet to the spur, all bleeding ore.

*Exe.* In which array, braue souldier doth he lye,

Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side,

Yoake-fellow to his honour-dying wounds,

The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.

Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all wounded ore

Comes to him where in blood he lay all steapt,

And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes

That bloudily did yawne vpon his face,

And cryed alowd, tarry deere cousin Suffolke :

My soule shall thine keepe company in heauen :

Tarry deere soule awhile, then flye to rest :

And in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our Chiuallry:

Vpon these words I came and cheer'd them vp,

He tooke me by the hand, saide deere my Lorde,

Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,

So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke

He threw his wounded arme, and so espousd to death

With blood he sealed. An argument,

Of neuer-ending loue:

The pretty and sweete manner of it,

Forc'd those waters from me, which I would haue stopte,

But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gaue me vp to teares:

*Kin.* I blame you not: for hearing you,

I must conuert to teares.

*Alarum*